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peared to have acquired new beauties from the superior effect imparted to its execution: to this the fine performance of Messrs. Pigott and Hermann on the violoncello, in the opening movement, (which is obligato for these instruments,) greatly contributed. A beautiful septette of Beethoven's followed, in which harmony was blended with masterly effect, and it was listened to with real pleasure, if we might judge by the profound silence which prevailed during its performance and the acclamations of applause which followed its close.

Beethoven's grand chorus from "The Mount of Olives" concluded the entertainment, in which a rivalry in excellence appeared to pervade the vocal and instrumental performers. On the whole, we never recollect to have experienced a more delightful musical treat in Dublin, and we congratulate the Society on having acquired a character in the musical world, which must ensure its ultimate prosperity—the members were politely attentive to the visitors during the night, and in the intervals of the performance, and after its close, ices and other refreshments were handed round, which appeared to be not the least relished part of the evening's entertainment.

#### THE DRAMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates still continue to perform at our Theatre, but the inducement which so recently attracted crowded audiences, appears to have departed with "her elephantine highness;" during the past week, the house has been miserably attended, the perverted taste which produces such a result, provoked us very much on Saturday evening, when so excellent a specimen of the legitimate drama as Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy of "*The Wonder*" performed before an audience, which could not have paid the expenses of the house. Mrs. Yates played Violante, and her performance was distinguished by all the liveliness and grace which have rendered her so general a favorite, and which on this occasion, as usual, called forth unanimous applause. Mr. Calcraft was the Don Felix of the night, and personated the impetuous and jealous lover with much spirit: perhaps indeed it is one of his most successful efforts. We regret we cannot accord to Mr. Yates's Colonel Briton, the same praise to which his other performances entitle him. We refrain from criticising his personation of the character more minutely, believing that he adopted it more from necessity than choice, and the want of a more efficient representative in the company.

Miss Fanny Kemble and her father are expected to appear here on the 3rd of July; we learn that they are to be preceded by Madame Vestris and Mr. Power; in the mean time Mademoiselle D'Jeck returns for two nights only.

Mr. Lee has concluded his arrangements with the committee of Drury-lane Theatre, and is now the lessee.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### TO A LADY,

WHO REPROACHED THE AUTHOR WITH CARRYING TWO WATCHES, AS A PIECE OF POPPY.

L'un avance l'autre retarde;—  
Quand près de vous je dois venir  
À la premier je regarde,  
À l'autre quand je dois sortir.

We got this letter somewhere abroad, but it is too good to be thrown away because not strictly original.

#### MY FAVOURITE FLOWERS.

First then of all that little one,  
The blue "Forget-me-not;"  
Few are the hearts for which it keeps  
No history unforget,  
Of feelings that its name may tell,  
Of some young, fond, tear-choked farewell.  
Next the rich wall-flower—oh! I love  
Even its lightest breath,  
For 'twas the favourite of a heart  
Now calm enough in death;  
That dear, that broken heart! perhaps  
'Twas that flower through life's cold lapse,  
Had kept for him remembrances  
Of kindness dead and o'er;  
I know not—but even yet I see  
The sad sweet smile he wore,  
The last, last time he ever beat  
Down to my hand to catch its scent.

Next (and I scarce know why,) the stars  
Of the pale jessamine wreath  
Except for the deliciousness  
Its death-like blossoms breathe:  
Summer has many a snowier white,  
And many a blossom more gaily bright.  
But the gravely graceful jessamine  
Grows loveliest in mine eye,  
As the sweetness of its hidden soul  
Comes o'er me passing by;  
'Tis like the music mind can throw  
Round lips that want young beauty's glow.  
But who could number o'er the whole  
Fair multitude they love?  
I love not all—nor all alike  
My musing eye can move,  
With admiration's sudden beam,  
Or welcome fond, or memory's dream.  
They are as the human face to me;  
A sentiment beyond.  
The perfect form, the brilliant tint,  
Must touch them with its wand;  
And breathe through leaf and flower the while,  
As heart and soul through human smile.  
Both have their beautiful, their pure  
As snow from time's dark touch,  
Their lofty, shrinking, delicate,  
Their few—(oh! precious such)—  
That we ne'er knew till winter came,  
And found their faithful smile the same.  
Both their young laughers, that shake off  
Gayly the dew or tear,  
Or sweetly false through long decay,  
Bright to the last appear,  
When let a breeze touch life's light spray,  
It strews the loosened leaves in clay!  
Their confiding, meek, and fond, whose life  
Is in that to which they cling;  
Their familiar ones endeared, that round  
Our homes since childhood spring,  
Oh! heartless matched with these the power  
Of stranger face, of foreign flower.  
But, of the yet un-named, I love  
Dearly all drooping heads,  
That as in grief or weariness  
Bend toward their leafy beds;  
From the valley's little lily white,  
To the snow-drop, and red fuchsia light.

And some few more I do but love  
For moments of the past;  
That they keep folded in their buds'  
Defying Time's keen blast,  
To drive them thence: dead looks, far tones  
Haunt as I gaze these sacred ones.

Z. Y.

##### A WISH.

Of all the flowers our gardens boast,  
The lily's fate I envy most;  
When gentle breezes sweetly blow,  
And summer suns with fervour glow,  
Behold the graceful plant arise,  
With beauty deck'd to charm the eyes!  
But long ere winter chill and cold,  
Shall o'er the plain his empire hold  
The prudent lily sinks to rest,  
And hides in earth her snowy breast.

Would Heaven but grant an ardent prayer,  
Thy fate were mine, thou flow'ret fair;  
Oh! may I live whilst youth has power  
To fill with joy each smiling hour;  
To ripen years at length attain,  
Nor may those years be reach'd in vain;  
But when old age I slowly feel  
O'er mind and body chilling steal,  
And tasteless life no longer charms,  
Then earth receive me to thine arms.

Mita. S.

#### SONNET.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE TAKEN ON THE LIMERICK ROAD.

Ungainly traveller! with thine out-turned toes  
Pricking thy Rosinante thro' the mud;  
Facing the country wind with frosty nose,  
And bleak eyes scalding in their rheumy flood—  
Thy leatheren cheek hath lost all sign of blood,  
Thy wig is blown awry, and thy old cloths  
Do hang about thee as a thing of wood  
Set up by the way side to scare the crows.  
Certes, thou art a strange original;  
Thus jogging on through rain and mire and all,  
As tranquil as if trotting in the sun—  
And that old beast, so ragged, gaunt and tall,  
That thus thy spindle-shanks are stuck upon.  
Sure both are of a piece—ye are but one!

A. de V.

#### THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

"Sister spirit, tell me where  
Thy flight has been to-day;  
I've sought thee through the fields of air,  
And mourned thy lengthen'd stay;  
Not mourned, for sorrow well's not here,  
Yet, why thus linger, sister dear?  
"Loved one, when first o'er Eden's bow'r,  
Day rose, I anxious hid,  
Brushing the dew from amaranth flow'r,  
Which spring life's fount beside;  
And wing'd with love I downward flew,  
Till near native earth I drew.  
"Once more the sunny spot I sought,  
Where childhood's day had sped;  
And oh! what joy each object brought,  
As memory round me shud,  
The light of hours belov'd ev'n now,  
Whose thought yet lights with smiles this brow.  
"I hastened to the garden bow'r,  
Which once I loved so well,  
Where oft I hailed the evening hour,  
Oft heard creation swell  
Its matin hymn with boundless voice,  
When earth, and air, and sea rejoice.  
"My robin on his favourite tree,  
Poured forth his warbled tale,  
The wood-bine waved luxuriantly,  
In fragrance to the gale,  
And countless flowers were smiling through,  
Their glistening tears of morning dew.  
"I bled to the lattice, where  
Oft with my sister dear  
I sat, to breathe the fresh'ning air—  
That sister still was here:  
But oh! how changed—her cheek seemed snow,  
And yet 'twas flush'd with hectic glow.  
"That form which once to me appeared  
Health's favour'd dwelling place—  
Her mirthful brow—all, all were sear'd  
With sorrow's withering trace:  
And her wan eye, whence joy late beamed,  
All—rayles and expiring seemed.  
"Oh, yes: 'tis true we here shall meet,  
Soon never more to part;  
Soon shall heaven's chorus joy to greet  
That lov'd one, her young heart  
Already throbs to taste the joy  
Which ever grows, yet cannot cloy.  
"And as unseen I hovered there,  
Over that lovely one,  
I heard her softly whisper'd pray'r,—  
That time should swift glide on,  
Until her weary eyes should sleep  
In their last slumber calm and deep.  
"And as she viewed the clear blue sky,  
And sadly smiled around,  
Methought she felt that I was nigh,  
For oft I heard the sound  
Of my own name half sighed, and then  
She fix'd her gaze on heav'n again.  
"Wonder not, then, companion dear,  
That I could linger so,  
And leave thus long the pleasures here  
For yonder world of woe;—  
Oh, joy!—my best-beloved to see  
An heir of immortality!  
"Come,—seek we now those spirits who  
Her parents were, and mine;  
They'll glow with holiest rupture too,  
Their eyes shall gleam like thine,—  
To hear their lov'd one hastens thus  
To share those realms of life with us.  
"We'll wreath a crown of living flow'r,  
And tune our lyres of gold,  
To hail her hither:—speed ye hours,  
Till Eden's gates unfold  
To let the ransom'd seraph in,  
Joys never-ending to begin!"

T. C. D.

Mc.